

AFCCC-HOFOR

Ho for California

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TextGordon, Robert WinslowFolk Songs of America, p. 95Federal Theatre ProjectNew York City,
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Ho For California!We've formed our band[.] and are well manned,To journey afar to the promised
land,Where the golden ore is rich in store,On the banks of the Sacramento shore.Then ho! Brothers
ho!To California go.There's plenty of gold in the world we're told[*1]Heigh O, and away we
go[.]Digging up the gold in Francisco.[[line?]] missing here [on?] the banks of the [Sacramento?]
*1]O! don't you cry, nor heave a sigh,For we'll all come back again, bye-and-bye,Don't breathe a fear,
nor shed a tear,But patiently wait for about two year.As the gold is thar, most any whar,And they dig
it out with an iron bar,And where 'tis thick, with a spade or pick,They can take out lumps as heavy
as brick.As we explore that distant shore[.] [md] We'll fill our pockets with the shining ore;And how
'twill sound, as the word goes round,Of our picking up gold by the dozen pound.O! the land we'll
save, for the bold and braveHave determined there never shall breathe a slaveLet foes recoil, for the
sons an toilShall make California God's Free Soil.Then, ho! Brothers, ho!To California go.No slave shall
toil on God's Free SoilOn the banks of the Sacramento.Heigh O, and away we go,Chanting our songs
of Freedom O.